



The Awesomest Phone



👁 68 ✓ 11 ★ 8

Chapter 1 by SuperCoolStoryMaker

Vote for the best phone there is in the world.

I vote for iPhone 6sPlus (from Apple[the company Apple])

Chapter 2 by intellikat



I vote for the ohPhone X (from Apple [not the company Apple, but from the guy code-named "Apple" who developed weird electronics in his basement]).

I met Apple one day at the local library. For what reason he told me I do not know, but this he said to me, a total stranger:

The world is falling apart. People no longer speak for a reason, but simply to express themselves. We have forgotten what it is to build a world, and instead we squander resources on things like sport cars, retro denim jackets, and smartphones.

I had no idea what he was talking about. How could he? He was a genius ahead of his own time that was for sure. He was a man of great importance in the larger story of our times. He just seemed to be a little bit out of touch.

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But then he invited me to his home, and then down into his basement. It was here that he beckoned me toward a small worktable illuminated by a magnifying light.

On the table sat a small, rounded object.

The ohPhone X.

A phone that could dial into alternate universes and disrupt their stories.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



"Pick it up," Apple said, and so I did, hesitantly.

Apple reached into the pocket of his windbreaker and lifted something like those little pamphlets they give you at the phone store when you purchase a new plan. I was never able to understand them, and I didn't understand Apple now as he explained to me the features of the ohPhone X. I really wish I had listened better and asked some questions at the time, for as I type this story now into the ohPhone X, hoping I will catch a wifi signal in this strange world I have found myself and submit my story to Storywars through the power of the internet (which is not hindered by universes being parallel), I am deadly fearful I may never return home.

How had I gotten here? And what was I doing?

I had punched in the uni-code that Apple had given me into the ohPhone X. The world around me had shuddered for a moment, and then I found myself in a nearly identical basement, yet Apple was gone and instead of an electronics workstation, there was a carpenter's bench with a MacBook Pro humming away silently atop. Beside the MacBook was a plated of salted fish.

I knew at once that I was in Joakim's basement.

Chapter 4 by Lucas Wang



I vote for a flip phone.

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